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FORM

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

LITERATURE · ART · MUSIC

EDITED BY A.O. SPARE AND W.H. DAVIES.

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ORM aims at producing examples of the best contemporary work in Literature, Fine Art, Music and Criticism; without discrimination in favour of any school or group. Satire and the psychology of the Arts receive especial consideration, and current events in the Art world are reviewed.

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For the February number, the editors have been able to secure various important contributions of original work.

VOLUME ONE, consisting of the first three numbers of the present issue of FORM, may now be had as a bound volume, at £1 0 0 per copy; and the publishers, the Morland Press, Ltd., 190 Ebury Street, S.W.1, will quote terms for supply of binding cases for the volume. All communications in regard to subscriptions and advertisements should also be addressed to the Morland Press.

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Original drawings and special proofs of works produced in FORM (each signed by the artist) may be obtained at the Little Art Rooms, 8 Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

The conductors of FORM propose to publish, from time to time, finely printed editions of modern literature, drawings and engravings. The first two of these volumes consist of "*Eight Poems*" (out of print), by W. B. Yeats, and "*Twelve Poems*," by J. C. Squire, price 4s. each. *Editions de Luxe*, printed on handmade paper, bound in vellum and signed by Author and Artist, may be had at £1 1 0 per copy. There has also been published a new book by Austin O. Spare, *The Focus of Life*, with twelve plates from drawings by the Author, in a limited edition, price £1 1 0; and an *Edition de Luxe*, signed and numbered, at £2 2 0. The prices are net, and subscriptions are invited.

EXPLANATORY.—The Editors consider that it is only fair to the artist to explain that, by an oversight, the coloured Woodcut by Mr. John Nash, which appeared in the previous issue (page 70) had not the advantage of showing a third working, in red, designed by the artist.

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and W. H. Davies

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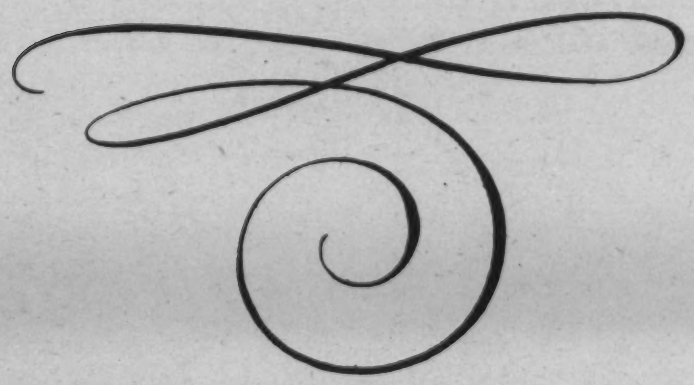
FORM

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Containing

POETRY, SKETCHES, ESSAYS
OF LITERARY & CRITICAL INTEREST
TOGETHER WITH ORIGINAL PRINTS
AND WOODCUTS, LITHOGRAPHS
CALLIGRAPHIC DECORATIONS
AND INITIAL LETTERS



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TREE FORMS

PEN LITHOGRAPH BY PAUL NASH

WOODCUT BY ERIC DAGLISH

Editorial by W. H. DAVIES

THE trouble of being an editor is that certain people, having a grievance, think to use our pages to attack their contemporaries. We have made one effort to prevent personal spite, and that is that every article written for this magazine will be signed. There will be no stabbing in the back. Again, why should we encourage this spirit, which destroys ourselves as well as our enemies? Let the poet do his work, without envy of others, and take this for his motto:

Have pity on my enemy:
Again,
And yet again, my triumph gives
Him pain.

We are well aware of the position of certain men who, without any solid gifts, have secured the position of leaders of criticism; but these men can safely be left to Time, and God help the writer they favour! Not only that, but the way to kill a writer is not to abuse him, but to overpraise him. As soon as a writer becomes verminous with friends, he is damned. If we had any intention of bringing a man down from a high to a low state, we would praise him extravagantly, and not abuse him. Of course, this would not damn him forever, for his good things, if he had written any, would

survive his death. But it would certainly kill him for the rest of his life. No amount of power or friendship can keep a bad poet going for many years, and no amount of spite or envy can keep a good poet down. We could mention several instances of this, in the literature of the present day. All this can be left to Time, who has a terrible way in dealing with these matters.

We have been very much struck by a poem lately sent to us, in which is shown in a realistic way how Time alters a character, so that we find it difficult to believe it is the history of one person. Some people will not like it, because of its realism, saying that it is not a fit subject for poetry. But we allow realism in the old ballads, and call it fine poetry. If this poem were written by Thomas Hardy, it would find admirers; but if W. B. Yeats wrote it, the world would think he had gone mad. Which means, that we expect certain authors to do a certain kind of work, and, when they depart from that rule, we see no merit in their efforts: which shows how foolish we are. This poem is called:

A WOMAN'S HISTORY

By Ebenezer Winkle

When Mary Price was five years old,
  And had a bird that died,
She laid its body under flowers;
  And called her friends to pray to God,
And sing sad hymns for hours.

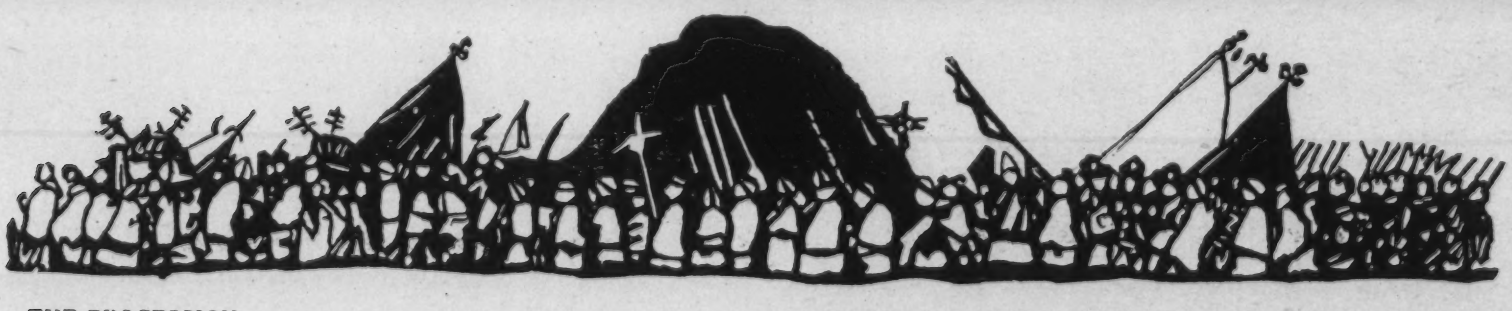
When she, before her sixteenth year,
  Was ruined by a man,
The neighbours sought him out, and said—
  "You come along and marry her,
Or hang till you are dead."

When they had found the child he wronged,
  And playing with her doll,
"I'll come along with you," said she—
  "But I'll not marry any one
Unless my doll's with me,"

With no more love's heat in her than
  The wax upon her arm;
With no more love-light in her eyes
  Than in the glass eyes of her doll—
Nor wonder, nor surprise.

When Mary Price was thirty-five,
  And he was lying dead,
She wept as though her heart would break:
  But neighbours winked to see her tears
Fall on a lover's neck.

Now, Mary Price is seventy-five,
  And skinning eels alive:
She, active, strong, and full of breath,
  Has caught the cat that stole an eel,
And beaten it to death.



THE PROCESSION

AN UNPUBLISHED REED PEN DRAWING BY C. LOVAT FRASER

THE COTTAGE ON THE EDGE OF THE WOOD — REED PEN DRAWING BY C. LOVAT FRASER

THE PRINT ROOM

by Edmund J. Sullivan

"A dream cometh through the multitude of business."

YOU hop off the 'bus at Mudies,' the most famous circulating library in the world. You pause at their famous corner to glance at the display of the latest literature dressed up in its gaudy "jackets?" You leave behind the roar of Oxford Street with its swift currents of life to and from the City; and turn up the quiet alley of Museum Street, slackening at the photograph shops whence Monna Lisa smiles sidelong at the passer-by, or Rodin's Penseur glowers direct and forbidding. There across a street you catch a glimpse of the grey Museum with its iron fencing and gateways. Shabby people saunter in the enclosure, without disturbing the Cockney pigeons: a school of incongruous girls, with a forbidder in spectacles, comes out laughing into the sun as you enter with the vari-coloured oddments of the Heathen and Christian universe, who converge towards the enormous portico to be swallowed alive in this great Mausoleum where Old Time lies buried. Fashion is absent; "Le Dernier Cri" is unheard.

UP the stairs or through the sculpture galleries you saunter, through the bronze ages, past the mummies of priests, priestesses or Royal personages, through the Greek and Roman rooms past the "vases of the best period"; and, after a turn round the "slopes" of selected prints and the display of Ming Dynasty and Rajput paintings, push past the unpretentious and silent swing door of the Print Room, where lies stored the summary of the artistic product of the world. A bell rings as the door swings to, and mild-eyed old gentlemen with white beards look up from the portfolios, like patient ruminant kine in a byre, as you tread softly to your place to begin your spiritual adventure. Will it land you here—with them? Oxford Street, and life and its roar, and the novels of Mudies' in their jackets, and the photographs of the art of the world are but five minutes behind you. You take your seat, looking up now and again to change the focus of your eyes as the door swings and the bell tinkles. Was the City or is this the heart of things? You become a quiet ruminant man.

THE RED FISHERMAN — PEN DRAWING BY REGINALD SAVAGE

DOES Art present a refuge from life, a false hope softly indulged like a dream of heaven, less than half believed? The strenuous expression of our life lived at its keenest and hardest, a sensuous anodyne, a pastime, the "occupation of a man's leisure"? An ornament only on the main structure, or the foundation and pinnacle of the spiritual life itself? It is or ought to be all things to all men. The work of the illustrator makes its appeal to the swift life of Oxford Street outside, in the crude language of the man in the street, as also gently here to the passionless white-bearded men whose concern seems little enough with the ways of the City—who seem to have taken refuge from the vulgar elbows, to talk quietly with the wise and distinguished alone, to feel and see through other eyes and by other pulses in the highest communion with other minds, living their selfless lives; modern monks, untouched by the crush outside their cloister, whose religion is Art.

THE HAND OF FATE PEN DRAWING BY S. M. LITTEN

Raising The Devil
by Cecil Maitland

WHEN her husband went to Buenos Aires, Mrs. Harrison invited his three assistants to luncheon. She was pleased to see them again, as her husband had not been away for a month and she could not ask them to her house when he was there. He was too concerned with his dignity as chief engineer to mix with his assistants, and was not affected by the monotony of his life. He was interested in building railways and in nothing else.

In Christiano Muerto, his headquarters, there were a half-finished railway station, a store, and a dozen huts where the engineers lived who were building the new line to Tres Arbres. Mrs. Harrison sometimes rode away from it, only to see it from a distance and break the even lines of the horizon. East and West the railway ran straight out of sight across the pampa, and bisected the circle that contained nothing but brown grass and cattle. Once a day, a train passed slowly from horizon to horizon.

The unbroken circle of which Christiano Muerto was the centre, reflected itself in her mind which brooded and closed over its own emptiness. Nothing new came in or out.

Most of the engineers lived in wagons up and down the line, but her three guests were always in Christiano Muerto. They interested without entertaining her. She looked at them each in turn, detachedly as though she had never seen them before. O'Hara, the second engineer, was the most striking. His hair was curly and untidy, and his huge head over-balanced his Dublin barman's face. Burgoyne's hair stood up in bristles. He was like a brown hedgehog nibbling its food. She looked sideways at Field's blunt profile. His heavy jaw and melancholy blue eye made her think of a dog who had never found a master. He had been a cavalry officer and was the only one with whom she could have flirted. He danced with her when new gramophone records came from Buenos Aires and taught her bridge; but she felt that he was less interested in her than Burgoyne, who read his verses to her, when he was drunk. O'Hara came because he liked her food.

Burgoyne stopped nibbling and looked up:

"If this goes on we shall turn into idiots," he said.

Round the rim of her empty circle a thought ran like an escaping lizard.

Field screwed up his eyes:

"I agree with you," he said. "This life is a looking-glass that reflects our own emptiness."

O'Hara grinned spitefully:

"You ought to cultivate a hobby if you've time to get bored. My work is enough for me."

Mrs. Harrison got up and turned on the gramophone. A voice began to scream imbecility in jerks like a stomach dance. Through it all, the needle made a thin whine: a taut wire in her ears. She looked out of the window at the empty pampa, harsh and yellow in the

THE ORGAN GRINDER WOODCUT BY MARCIA LANE FOSTER

sun. There were circles everywhere; the records, the sun and the edge of the plain. "Thank God the room's oblong," she thought.

Burgoyne came over to her.

"Turn it off, it's too hot for that noise," he said.

"No, no, I like it."

Burgoyne's face twitched.

"Have you ever thought it would be better if things were squarer," he said.

"Yes. I never like to talk about it; it sounds too silly."

"You are right, but all the same one should always think of form as fluid, otherwise you can conceive of and see nothing but arbitrary shapes and you go mad."

The gramophone wound itself out. Burgoyne shut it off. O'Hara's mincing voice cut between them:

"You are wrong, Burgoyne. Shape is the only thing that has a real existence. If the universe dissolved, a triangle would still be a triangle."

"A woman I knew said that wasn't true," said Field. "She asserted that the human will could change anything. You could break the atmosphere," she said, "and bring in another world with different arrangements. She used to raise spirits. All rot, I think."

Burgoyne and Mrs. Harrison spoke together: "Do you know—I beg your pardon."

She went on:

"Do you know what she did?"

"Things out of old books on black magic. A thoroughly bad egg. I think she killed animals and used their blood to evoke the devil. I've got one of her books somewhere."

She became excited:

"Oh do let's try. Please bring the book over."

"I don't mind," said O'Hara. "I've always wanted to know what made a man like Lodge lose his sense of scientific probility. Go and fetch your sorcerer's *vade mecum*, Field."

Field went out and returned with the book.

"It will be rather difficult to carry out this Johnie's directions. Vervaine and virgin goats aren't exactly plentiful," he said.

Mrs. Harrison took the book and turned over the pages. Burgoyne looked over her shoulder.

"I should think we could do without some of these things. Blood and aromatic herbs seem to be the essentials," he said.

"And a hysterical frame of mind," said Field. "If you think anything will do, let's ride down a partridge, Dolly."

Mrs. Harrison wondered why he was the only one of them who called her by her first name. She would have liked it better from Burgoyne. She thought that some day Field would find them making faces and pulling straws out of one another's hair, saying:

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Harrison; excuse me, Mr. Burgoyne." When the oblong room became oval, perhaps. She ran her fingers over the book and felt the dirty cover as a reassurance.

"Very well. Tell Ortega to saddle the chiquito, while I change my clothes," she said.

She put on riding breeches and walked out of the house into yellow heat. The chiquito, a clever little horse with an ugly head, danced round while she tried to

mount. Field spoke to him and he stopped. Mrs. Harrison swung herself into the saddle. They walked out of the courtyard and cantered across the plain.

She looked at the horizon, smooth as a ring and inwards at the empty circle, round which thoughts crawled like snails. Circles within circles. Everything was in the centre of a ring and could never get out. Stick spurs into the chiquito, make him jump into the air and gallop and always the circle went with you. In a town the houses hid it.

At home there was the magic book; perhaps the woman had been right, and under the edge of the rim a new shape was waiting. It would stab through the circle like a knife and let them all out, or perhaps she would be able to walk to the edge and look over, or if not, at least a little way towards it.

Field shouted and swung his whip. A partridge rose and flew into the sun. The chiquito bucked and flung himself forward. The sun blinded her. She could hear nothing but the horses' thumping hoofs and the frantic whir of the bird's wings; a long wire of sound that drew her behind it in a series of broken ellipses.

The chiquito jerked himself to a standstill. Field dismounted and picked up the exhausted partridge.

"We'll do him in to-night," he said, "and good luck to the devil."

II

MRS. HARRISON did not know why she was sure that an attempt to raise the devil would free her from the circle. The *Grimoire* said nothing about it, the whole thing was childish, a game to break the monotony of their lives, but they were all convinced that something would happen.

She prepared herself ritually for the evening: rouged her face, scented herself, dressed her hair as though she were going to meet a lover and put a bright green scarf over her shoulders. To avoid the servants they had agreed to make the experiment in O'Hara's wagon, left in a siding to be hitched to the morning train. She opened the door.

Out of his open window yellow light wavered and splashed itself over a pile of steel rails. She heard Field's harsh voice ask for a drink. O'Hara opened the door for her and helped her down the steps. Burgoyne, in black trousers and a white dinner jacket, was pouring whisky into a glass.

"Hullo, you've dressed yourself up, too," he said and

WOODCUT BY E. M. O'DICKEY

smiled. O'Hara still wore dirty flannels; Field well cut and patched breeches.

"Yes, of course," she said.

Field shrugged his shoulders:

"I don't know why you pay such compliments to the devil. I wouldn't as much as change my necktie for all the ghosts in America."

"Who's going to kill the partridge?" said Burgoyne.

"I will," answered O'Hara. "I think you're wrong about dressing. This is a scientific experiment and we shouldn't try to work up an atmosphere. What do you think of my circle?"

He pointed at the floor at the end of the wagon. He had copied the circle out of the Grimoire. East, West, North and South the line was cut by neat drawings of skulls and bats heads. Outside he had drawn broken triangles and twisted lines, supposed to be the signatures of demons. Inside there was a pile of eucalyptus leaves and a brazier used to burn coal in the watchmen's huts. The partridge was tied to it by the leg and fluttered desperately when they came near it.

"One could almost imagine it as a square," said Burgoyne. "If one drew a line from the bat's ears to the top of the skull there would be two triangles breaking through."

His face twitched. Excitement, like pain, ran back and forth between Mrs. Harrison and Burgoyne. Her consciousness closed round the empty circle in her head. They turned out the light, seated themselves on the

MONGREL PEN DRAWING BY A. O. SPARE

floor, back to back, inside the circle and lit the brazier. Thin sharp smelling smoke rose to the roof, spread and drifted out of the windows.

O'Hara held the partridge between his knees. Mrs. Harrison lit a candle and read the evocation in a chanting voice:

"*Hemen Etan, Hemen Etan, Hemen Etan, El, Ati, Titeip . . impero tibi per clavem Salomonis et nomen magnum SEMHAMPHORAS.*"

She felt Field's shoulder shake. Burgoyne's long hand closed over hers. Outside black heat pressed round the wagon, and in the brazier with slow hisses and sudden cracks, the pointed leaves twisted into ash. Field threw a fresh handful on the fire. A flame curled along a dead leaf and went out. She read on:

"*Mehaton On Mathon . . . daemonia Coeli Gad, Almousin, Gibor . . . veni, veni, veni . . .*"

"Come, come, come." Her voice rose to a whine. She thought of it as the point of a line making an arc, that must be cut before it could describe a half circle. That was the purpose of the sacrifice. Before it could achieve the inevitable shape, O'Hara would kill the partridge and the point would be lost . . . *Chavajoth, Chavajoth, CHAVAJOTH.* She had reached the highest point of the curve. O'Hara stood up, cut off the bird's head and threw the body into the brazier. Mrs. Harrison stopped reading. In her mind and in the room silence began.

Underneath them something commenced to throb weakly and far away a sound began. Round the rim of her circle a gramophone needle whined and changed into a whir, like wings beating. She listened, holding her breath, afraid that she was imagining the sound. The wings grew larger and larger and roared as they whirled the air.

"Something's coming," said Field. "Oh, my God, let's pray."

"Shut up," she whispered.

Burgoyne's nails dug into her hand. O'Hara got up.

"It's the special. Holy Virgin, I forgot the switch," he shouted and jumped out of the window.

Something round and hissing burst through the wall and the wagon fell to pieces. Out of the darkness a revolving wheel came and crushed in her skull.

SONNET.

IF I should sing of love a thousand years,
You would not know the substance of my song,
Strange content of the living heart made strong
By passion's ecstasy and pity's tears.
Love but a phantom of itself appears
Through other eyes, and still shall lead you wrong
Though you may read and ponder all day long
The wisdom or the folly of your peers.

Earth, ignorant of what her fruit shall be,
The myriad mysteries that she may bare,
The transient rose or delicate olive-tree
Standing for centuries with silver hair—
Yet has more knowledge of her destiny
Than the spirit has of love, till love is there.

PETER RENNY.

METAMORPHOSES

PEN LITHOGRAPH BY A. O. SPARE

THE LEAF

By Clifford Bax

THE doctors had declared that Madame Inez Pelettier, the wife of the biologist, had died from taking an overdose of strychnine; and for a week the house in Versailles had been visited at various hours by the local police and by an inspector from Paris. Both Emile Pelettier and the young Count Richard de Mascaron—a guest in the house at the time of the tragedy—had given evidence which countered the appearance of suicide.

Towards the end of October, they affirmed, a house-party of seven or eight persons had broken up. Only M. de Mascaron had remained. The house-party had been altogether successful, and most of the guests had actually remarked upon the high spirits of Madame Pelettier. On Thursday the guests had departed. On Friday, about two hours after dinner, Madame Pelettier had asked the Count to give her a lesson in billiards. No, de Mascaron could remember nothing peculiar in her manner during the lesson. At its conclusion she had

said to him "I am terrified of autumn. It seems always to deepen my husband's melancholy, and it is for that reason that I try to keep the house gay. I wish you would go to the library and see if you can cheer him." As he put the cues in the rack she had smiled and said "Au revoir," and had then gone up to her bedroom. There, the next morning, a maid who was bringing the petit déjeuner had found her dead on the sofa. Yes, Madame Pelettier was a Spaniard, of reserved nature, not impulsive. She had been devoted to her husband, and he, though somewhat neglectful, had regarded her with a quiet affection. They had been married for more than ten years, and M. Pelettier could not recall that they had ever quarrelled.

The authorities had been satisfied, and de Mascaron, having attended the funeral, would have been glad to return to his flat in Paris. His friend, however, entreated him to remain a few days longer, and the Count felt that he had no choice. Even the weather supported his decision to stay, for a golden October was being followed by a November of wind and sleet. Pelettier would not be able, even, by wandering in the park, to induce a physical fatigue that should relax the oppression of his mind. He would have to stay in the house, amid its hundred memories, and to spend the greater part of each day with his books; and although the Count was young he was tender beyond his years, and although he had known Pelettier for less than six months he regarded the biologist with something more than esteem.

The library was the only room in the house which had no air of formality. The rest—and they were many, for Pelettier had turned three houses into one—were appointed with sombre grandeur. It was therefore in the library, a square room lined with wire-netted bookshelves, that the two friends had met in the evenings, or, when the weather had been wild, in the afternoons.

The day of the funeral was bleak, and upon their return Pelettier and de Mascaron went up to their rooms to change into dry clothes. The Count was delayed by his inability to find a signet-ring which he desired to wear, and when he entered the library he found Pelettier standing dejectedly at the tall window. For a few moments they looked in silence at the garden, the almost leafless trees, the rain-filled fountains. Then they withdrew and seated themselves before the fire.

De Mascaron tried to think of a subject that should be neither painfully associated with Madame Palettier's death nor callously inapt. Under a box of cigarettes a worn book lay on a table beside his friend.

"What were you reading?" he asked.

"H, that . . . ." replied Pelettier, "I was not reading it. In fact, I haven't opened it for twenty years, —'Darwin's Voyage of a Naturalist.' In those days how I loved it!" "And you thought you might read it again?" "No, it wasn't that. Just before you came in I felt a queer physical constriction. I opened the window, but the room seemed like a cage; and then, with a view to shaking off the sensation, I took down the first volume that came to my hand."

"I read it once—in English," the Count said—"a delightful book."

Pelettier made no comment. "What can it matter now," he said suddenly, "whether she died by accident or design? She is extinct,—Inez, I tell you, is extinct. And yet I should like to be sure. On the one hand, she could have had no motive for suicide. At forty-eight I am outside the magnetic field of sex, and she had therefore no cause for jealousy. I think, indeed, that we were more harmonious than most couples—at least we were less discordant. On the other hand, she was accustomed to strychnine and I do not see how she could have made such an elementary mistake."

"Everyone is agreed, though, that it was a mistake," said de Mascaron, wishing to ease Pelettier's mind.

"Her last words to you in the billiard-room, you say, were 'Au revoir?' "

"Yes, and she said them smiling."

"I have been trying to recollect her last words to me. They were odd. At the time I thought them odd but —you know me: I never worry about anyone else."

"What were they?"

MASK LINOCUT BY AUSTIN O. SPARE

"Just before she went with you for that lesson she said 'Euripides was a greater poet than you admit. Will you think so, my dear, when you find the maple-leaf?'"
"You don't suggest—why, it's impossible!"
"What?"
"That Inez was beginning—to lose her sanity." Pelettier frowned at the fire.
"It is true," he observed, "that she worried a great deal about me but not enough, surely, for that."
"She worried," asked the Count, "because you were unhappy?"
"Yes. There are troubles which are so continuous that we cannot conceal them: but the trouble which permeates my life was not of a kind which any woman would take seriously. You know something of women—more, perhaps, than I. They take nothing seriously but the interaction of personalities. Inez might conceivably have lost her sanity if I had wanted another woman or grieved that we had no child: but my sorrow, as you know, is intellectual, and women do not believe that intellectual affairs can possibly affect a man's taste for life. To women they are merely toys that do not bear upon reality."
"Quite true," said the Count. "Women are the agents of the natural order. Men incline to rebel against Nature, to ask themselves if the transmission of life is an end in itself (as women assume) or if it ought to be considered as a mean to some mental or spiritual end. I often think that Nature must have regretted her creation of the male."
"'Spiritual!' My dear Richard, you have surely abandoned those delusions?"
"I think your wife asked me to outstay the others just because she knew that I do not agree with your materialistic philosophy."
For a little time the friends were silent. Pelettier respected de Mascaron's intelligence and supposed his religious bias to be, like his long hands, a symptom of descent from a family which had contained a Catholic saint and a number of cardinals. He felt sorry for religious people. They loved their fancies as children love their castles of sand. How easy to kick down either! One has to be careful not to do so by accident. "Tell me," said the Count, "did your wife talk to you about these matters —about religion, I mean?" "Yes, often."
"She believed in a postmortem existence."
"Of course. All women do. It is a prolongation of that will-to-life which, as you say, they represent. Inez was not a Catholic, however,—not a practising Catholic. I should say that her mind was tainted by spiritism."
"Exactly." De Mascaron paused. Then he said suddenly, "It was suicide, Emile!"

LITHOGRAPH BY WALTER SPRADBERY

"What do you mean?" asked Pelettier, turning round. "Suicide? How do you know?" De Mascaron rose and stood with his elbow on the mantelpiece.

"Emile," he said, "you are wretched because you have convinced yourself that the soul is a fantasy. You believe —no, rather, you are certain—that the universe came into existence by the blind collision of forces that had no purpose: that men and women are dragon flies of a day: that life is a mockery and that nothing is worth an effort because in a few years we are lost in eternal oblivion. Am I not right?"

Pelettier assented. "I cannot ignore my intellect," he said.

"And you cannot transcend it," replied de Mascaron. "Now, Inez was aware that you are the absolute victim of this idea,—that for you it is the vulture of Prometheus. Can you not see what she did?"

"She could not make me happier by killing herself."

"Wait! You think it was by chance that you took down that volume—'The Voyage of a Naturalist.' You said that you were unaccountably restless—felt as if the room were a cage: but you saw nothing?"

"What should I see?"

"Inez." A look of annoyance clouded Pelettier's face. "Open the book," continued de Mascaron, and at the same moment took it up in his hands. He turned the pages. A small red maple-leaf fluttered to the hearthrug.

"Good heavens!" cried Pelettier—"and it's fresh, too. It must have been put there lately."

"It was to have been her proof. She tried to appear but you could not see her: and then she directed you to this book."

"A coincidence,—nothing but that," said Pelettier in agitation. After a moment he added, as though he did not believe his words, "But what did she mean by her reference to Euripides?"

De Mascaron hesitated to answer,—the answer seemed so cruel. He walked to the window and watched the hard rain beating on the fallen leaves. At length he said slowly, "She might have been thinking of Alcestis."

TRUTH AND REALITY

HAVE no hold on
Truth but when
Mired in mirage, Ro-
mance may find her.
She is so much to many
men—
For me, I love but lag
behind her.

Kiss and caress she mocking flees,
At wildfire words she darts to cover:
Oh, are there other arts than these,
Or am I most unmanly lover?

Yet, though thrice a day forlorn
And at night lone-bedded lying,
I've no mind to muse her scorn
Nor leisure to prolong my sighing;

For, if a woeful wooing this,
I a mild zany, there is one
Pursueth me: a shrew she is
As fierce and constant as the sun.

Babel and Bedlam knew her name—
She has all elements for feature,
All men for mark; she is a dame
Who quells the flourish in my nature

Whether she, grim, assault or, bland
As certain Vengeance or known Duty,
Heap her foul favours in my hand
And urge her ugliness for beauty . . .

Of virgin Truth she has no fear,
Who courts no coquetry, but binds
Herself, strange nun, in the austere
Convent of not many minds.

O that these twain might joinéd be
As in old time, as in past places!
Truth would have more sweet instancy,
Reality gain marvellous graces—
Lighting a gleam in Life's wild eyes
And with her shaping the ancient sods,
As men from more intimate earth uprise
Her sons and lovers, her joyous gods.

BERTRAM HIGGINS.

PHENOMENON IN ABSENCE

THE mountains are bleak and bare
Unlovely stone,
Once in the darkening air
She is gone.

Effort can bring no bloom
To hang there, nor water
To lighten the gloom
In Solitude, of matter.

Thought stirs not the rock
Of Mind, that mountain;
But her pale, crumpled frock—
A moonlit fountain.

Whence the strange fragrance falls
Of her love in past hours,
Plashing the stony walls
Sets moss there with flowers.

EDGELL RICKWORD.

NATURE AND ART

THE thrush, to the high branch flown,
Careless of toil or art,
Pours through the yellow evening
his happy heart
To a god unsought, unknown.

But we, with the breath of dream
Filling the pipe, and touching the stops
with fingers of thought,
Into fair and intricate tunes have caught
God, to be caged awhile among things that
seem.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

PEN DRAWING BY AUSTIN O. SPARE

A Haunted Room

by Thomas Moult

"THIS is your room," he said with an effort at easiness, and he moved forward into the dark and lighted with his taper the two tall candlesticks standing upon a polished table. He turned and peered into my face a little uncertainly. Beyond him I could make out a shadowy bed and the high curtains drawn before the French windows.

He appeared to be reckoning that perhaps it was not too late even now to withdraw his acceptance of my challenge earlier in the evening, as he drove me through the bleakness from the moorland railway station. "My dear man," I had said, "there is nothing in the world I cheerfully anticipate so much as your haunted room." He had been apologising because it was the only spare sleeping apartment, the house being full of guests already. My visit was a surprise, and there had been no opportunity for him to advise its postponement. "Still a disbeliever, are you?" he answered thoughtfully, "still one who sees nothing unseen by the eye, and hears nothing unheard by the ear."

The candles were flickering in the draught from the open door. How gravely he stood there; how strangely he was lingering! Here was somebody very different from the serene, self-sure man I had known these ten years. "Whatever hour in the night you wake," he was saying, "you will hear whispers about you, and shadows moving. There will be two shadows, and two voices. . . . A man and a woman will be here—they are here now . . . . though I am not certain that they will be the same man and the same woman I saw myself, long ago, the only time I ever slept here. O they won't harm you! But I want you to promise, dear old sceptic, that whatever you see or hear—yes, whatever you do

not see or hear, you will tell me nothing, and tell my wife nothing either. Do you promise?"

I answered "Honest Injun," to make it sound less serious than he was making it. I laughed as I said it, and tried to make him laugh as well. But something in his quiet, earnest manner, checked my lightness as he stood there shielding the flame of his taper—he did not seem to think of ending the draught by closing the door.

"The night I slept in this room," he said, and I began to listen so acutely that before I was aware of it he had come to an end of talking and vanished with a good-night I never noticed, "so long ago now it was, before I got married—while I was looking for a house, in fact—I had made just the same sort of challenge as yours to my host, the previous owner from whom I bought the place. But, although he knew this room was haunted, he had never seen or believed anything—O yes, you are not the only sceptic, you see! . . . . Anyway, I got into bed and settled to sleep, as I thought, and certainly I appeared to doze off and wake again, doze off and wake again. But, whatever hour it was I awoke, there were shadows moving about me, and there were whispers, quite plain they were.

" 'Where do you think I went to-day, darling?' were the first words I made out, and they were a woman's. 'I went right downstairs and out at the front door, and I wandered under the lilacs and my hair and my fingers brushed their petals—do you remember how you used to come to me in the garden and tell me I was the loveliest petal? . . . .'

"And the other whisper came: 'I had been looking for you everywhere, all the day I had been looking for you, but the house was all empty, and the doors standing open made it seem emptier. But the shadow of the lilacs fell across my feet wherever I went, and I knew then that you were scattering them.'

" 'That's how it used to be,' came the woman's voice, 'they were kisses for your feet.'

" 'Always there were kisses,' the man's voice whispered. 'Waking and sleeping.'

" 'Right on and on, long past the lilac-time.'

" 'And always I found you.'

" 'Always you found me.'

" 'Wandering in the garden.'

" 'No, no—sometimes I was reading under the lamplight! . . . .'

" 'Or waiting for me by the gate.'

" 'Making strawberry jam' . . . .

"There was something curiously near to me in those two whispering voices, and suddenly, in a flash, I knew what it was.

"The two shadows appeared at either side of the bed, just there and there," he said, pointing. "And then, all at once, I was able to see those two poor ghost-faces—no, not poor, because somehow they seemed radiant ghosts, they were wonderfully happy there together. The man's face was my own face, and the woman's was the face of her who was just about to become my wife. . . . .

"They looked down at me, gently. They made no sound.

" 'What is he dreaming of?' asked the man, and he spoke in my own voice. She answered, 'He is very wistful. He has not the wisdom in his dream. . . . I wonder if we might teach him? . . . .'

"She looked at me very tenderly with those dear eyes of her's, as one might look at a child lying asleep.

" 'Life must teach him,' answered the man. 'Only one's life can do that. Would we have been so happy now, do you think, if we had not learned for ourselves how one's past moments must always be the stepping stones to the present moment, and the present moment never a stepping stone between the past and the future moment?'

" 'Yes, yes,' she answered, 'our happiness is not in the past, even now.'

"Then he said, 'What else would you teach him, Petal, if you could? . . . .'

" 'That we were very, very happy all our life together, but we would not wish to have that life over again.' "

LOGOS

IN Him is our trust
Who hath made stars
and men
Out of a little heap
Of dust.

Unending, unbegun,
He hath divided
His essence, making
Many of one;

In which fashion
Came all things finite,
Life and death,
Beauty and passion:
Life the illusion,
The vanishing feast
Of wind; and death
The ultimate fusion.

In Him is our trust
Who hath made stars and men
Out of a little heap
Of dust.

GERALD BULLETT.

THE SCOP

ONCE more I loose the singing globes
And stand beside the widening door,
Where clad in lonely minstrel robes
I listen to the tempest's roar.

It was not thus in days of old
When thane and franklin, king and clown,
Crowded about me as I told
Of battles and their sires' renown.

Now, meaner than the meanest priest
Who drones the substance of old songs,
I launch the accusing anapaest,
The iambic story of my wrongs,

The tale of suffering bird and beast,
Judgment impending, human pain;
Though heard no more at glittering Feast,
Time will restore my faded reign.

Am I not one with Solomon,
Asaph and David, hands of fire!
The psaltery of the ages gone
Was not more plangent than my lyre.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

RACHEL REED

DANCE for your daddy
My cannie laddie,
Dance for your mammy
My wee lamb . . . ."

Daylong beside the smouldering slack
She dodders, crooning with a grin—
Who, one wanchancy seven-night back,
Was hale to work, day out day in—

Who'd rise at the first glisk of light,
And take no ease until the sun
Behind Black Belling dipped from sight,
Her long and lonesome day's darg done.

And, as she hoed the swedes, she had
Just one thought ever in her mind—
How, one fine night, her headstrong lad,
That she could neither hold nor bind,

Would come again to Callerlea
When he had had his coltish fling,
To rest beneath his own rooftree,
Dog-weary of calleevering.

Bone-tired she crept to bed that night,
And slumbered sound till twelve o'clock;
Then started, listening, bolt-upright,
Awakened by some sudden shock.

She heard his footstep on the stair:
She heard the clicking of the sneck:
The door swung wide: and he stood there—
A ghostly halter round his neck.

"Dance for your daddy
My cannie laddie,
Dance for your mammy
My wee lamb . . . ."

WILFRID WILSON-GIBSON.

LOVAT AS THE POET HONEYWOOD

SATIRICAL PEN-DRAWING BY HIMSELF

LOVAT by Haldane Macfall

HE was christened Claud Lovat Fraser; but to us all he was Lovat — and I think his name and fame will endure as Lovat. The big handsome young fellow came upon London town a very dandy, shedding about him a genial atmosphere of witty kindliness, happy to be alive, and full of affection for all living things. Never was artist born more innocent of the "cattishness" of the art-world; if he did not care for the art of another he would like the man or his dog or his fantastic shadow—he had to like something about everybody. The only thing indeed that ever puzzled him was that anybody should bear him a spite. By consequence he tramped straight into one's affection like a happy child. And children, with their consummate instinct, went to the big burly dandy, won by his infectious chuckle, to find him a storehouse of pirates and desert islands and buccaneers and fairy fantasies—and, what was more, he must have known and seen them all, for he could draw them with a few deft rhythmic sweeps of a reed pen. Poets were soon his intimates, for by the time that the down was on his lip he had as astounding a grip on literature as on art; and his speech, like his pen, uttered the well-shaped phrase, pointed with genial wit and illumined with quaint raillery. He disguised his pen under the name of Honeywood; and—scourged him in his drawings as "an unmitigated, damned scribbler."

LOVAT could not have been more than nineteen the day he stepped into Dan Rider's little den in St. Martin's Court where the young literary bloods, here and from America, were wont to forgather

CLAUD LOVAT FRASER BY HIMSELF

before the war—the "lions' den," where the young lions roared and the asses brayed on their way to becoming editors of limited editions or the like wondrous Emprise, the while Dan Rider's laugh, where he sat enthroned at the seat of custom (I never saw him sell a book!), rattled the windows of St. Martin's Lane and the parts lying adjacent thereto. We found the young dandy a seat on another pile of books, the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and such like masterpieces as many buy and few read; and he straightway became one of us. He was at that time on his way from his beloved school, Charterhouse, supposed to be studying the law in his father's office in a picturesque old city square, on his journey to Oxford; but Oxford and the Law were not to be enriched by his gracious personality, for art leaped hot within him, and his deft handsome fingers were more busy upon sketching the picturesque square outside his father's office and the folk that hurried past the courtyard in the turgid stream of the city's streets than in taking the edge off his logic upon the fine points of legal decisions. The loss was Oxford's and the Law's; his fine scholarship was to reveal itself in far other fields, yet nearly all who met him thought him of Oxford. He was of the finest type of the culture of his great literary and artistic school of Charterhouse —as he was one of its most fascinating ornaments.

LOVAT must have served his apprenticeship to art under the encouragement of the masters at Charterhouse, for when he tumbled into Dan Rider's he was already done with the hesitancies and the tentative searchings of the apprentice for the means of artistic utterance. His line was still a trifle hard, but it held rhythm, even though his drawing were faulty. He was soon using the broad black line of the reed pen, and it rapidly gave him a large style and a broad statement. His masters were the prints of old Crawhall, of Rowlandson and James Pryde and Gordon Craig and Nicholson. It is true that a little while thereafter, when he threw up the law, or such dandified pretence of the law as he suffered, and boldly launched upon an art career, he went awhile to the Slade—everybody was going to the Slade—but, except for an excellent grounding in etching and aquatint, the Slade could give him little. He was already set; and Lovat was not of the stuff that learns from schooling.

BORN with a sense of sumptuous colour, he was early handling water-colours with rare skill. He inherited artistic utterance from his mother, a remarkably skilful painter. And his only weakness, of draughtsmanship, his prodigious industry was early bound to master.

THE POETASTER TAIL-PIECE BY C. LOVAT FRASER

A SENSITIVE man, the young fellow was to be spared the suffering of working in Grub Street at the hack-saw. His devoted father and mother lived a second youth in Lovat, pouring out with lavish hands every aid to his achievement. He was happy in his home, in his friends, in his marriage, in his early success, and in his fascinating little daughter "Dorcles," made in his very image.

OF all the brilliant little group of writers and artists who were wont to take possession of my flat of a Thursday evening—the early doomed Gaudier, Enid Bagnold since come to repute with her verse, and the rest—Lovat was the life and soul. His fine reed-pen decorations for my volume *The Splendid Wayfaring*, made during 1912, were I fancy about his earliest published work of any importance; and soon thereafter he started upon his broadsides and kindred ventures of *Flying Fame* (1913) with the poet Ralph Hodgson and others, and decorated Sir Herbert Tree's *Thoughts and Afterthoughts* which I was editing in 1913.

BUT it was soon abundantly clear that Lovat's art lay in a far larger field—he needed a larger canvas such as only the theatre could give him. And it was in its bringing him into the friendship of Tree and Gordon Craig, both of whom became devoted to him, that there was opened to him the way to his greater achievement. Indeed it was for my Eastern play of *The Three Students*, which Tree had been very enthusiastic about producing, that Lovat made his first designs for scenery and costumes and lighting—though unfortunately Tree was persuaded out of producing the Eastern atmosphere by his business advisers and so lost the vogue and vast profit that Oscar Asche reaped in his stead. It was to Gordon Craig, however, that Lovat was to owe his supreme artistic debt; as he was also to become Craig's most able and gifted disciple.

LOVAT designed and carried out at this time a number of very fine toys that would have helped to put the British toy-trade at the head of Europe. He was an indifferent illustrator, but an exquisite decorator of books; and *Pirates* (1913) reveals his fine qualities and his limitations. But it was in the theatre that he was to "find himself," and on its vast canvas discover his genius. Everything about him was dainty

A SPLENDID REBEL — TAIL-PIECE BY C. LOVAT FRASER

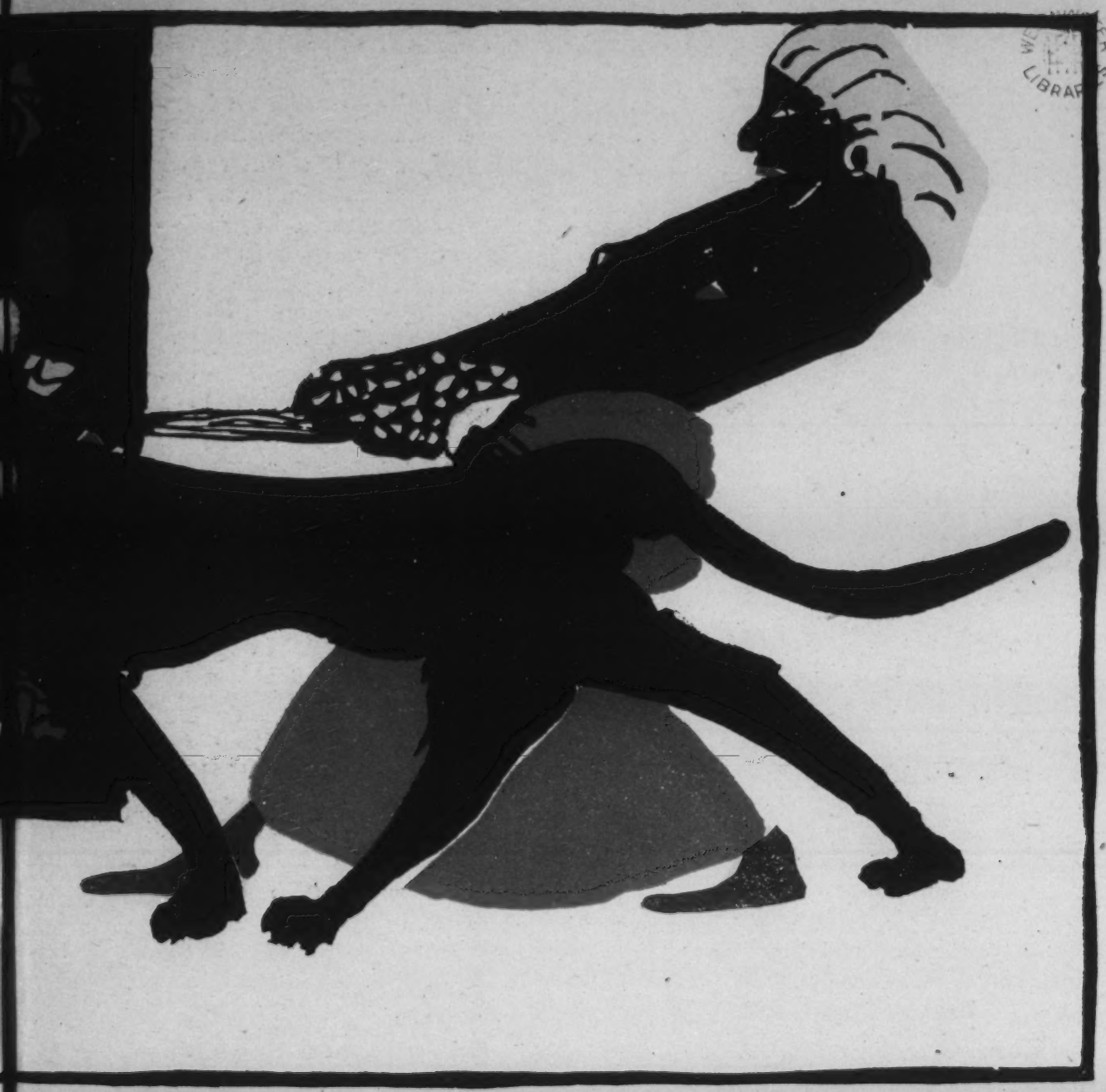
and decorative—his postcards, his letter-paper and envelopes, the trade tracts he wrought with such delightful charm—he was all for getting sordidness and vulgarity swept out of life.

SUCH was Lovat at twenty-four when the German launched his Great War into the glorious summer's ending of 1914 and the Hunnish hosts set forth with guttural song and goose-step to reach to dominion over the world. The romantic essence of Lovat left his action in no doubt for five minutes. He

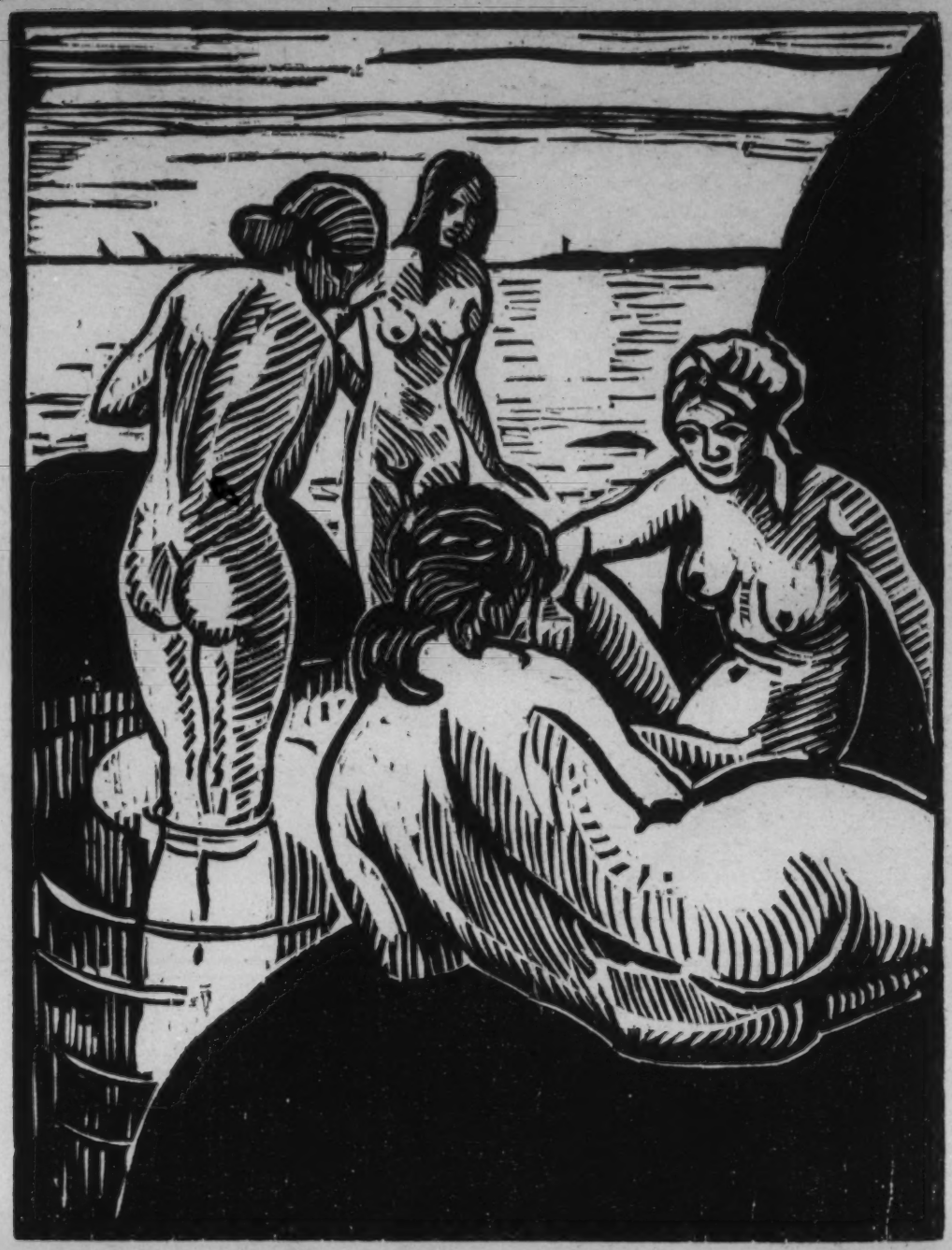
flung down brush and pen and made all our lives a purgatory to get him a commission. Irked by a few days delay, he enlisted in a cadet corps, from which he got his commission in the Durham Light Infantry. So it came about that one night my wife and I walked the great London railway station, swarming with men in khaki in the small hours, and saw him off to rejoin his regiment on embarkation for the front. But once in Flanders and secure of service, in his billet and in his dug-out, to the thunder of the great guns before Ypres, he found that he had packed in his haversack his box of water-colours; and with pen and brush, by guttering candle-light, he was soon as busy as ever on sketches in his letters home.

HE went into the hell of it all with the romantic spirit and happy quest for adventure of a big schoolboy on a holiday frolic. He loved the men, and they must have loved him. . . . He sent me in camp a piece out of the tunic of the first Boche prisoner he took in a raid that brought him considerable good report from his brigade-commander; and when I accused him in that on getting his Boche he emptied his cigarette case into his lap, he pleaded guilty and wondered who told me!—Lovat could not abide to see any man humiliated. . . . But the strain and exposure and Ypres and Loos were too much even for his blithe spirit; and he went down before it all. The young giant's strength was from without; he was a fragile vessel within. Sent home a sick man, he fretted to be at his art all the weary months until the war was done. But it was astounding how much fine work he wrought in the evenings of those invalid days when he was on a Staff job at home from early morning to candle-light. It was at this time that Lovat met and married (Feb. 1917) his gifted young American wife, Grace Crawford, who was to be his eager and sympathetic partner in his artistic career from thenceforth.

THE SLAVE



COLOUR PRINT BY C. LOVAT FRASER



WOODCUT BY LUDOVIC RODO

IT is interesting to note that the compulsion of the fine steel pen in his drawings for his home letters in the trenches developed in Lovat as remarkable skill with the fine line as he had acquired with the broad line of the reed pen; it also compelled accuracy of drawing. When the end came, he was at work on a series of very beautiful large water-colours of characters from the great dramas and in these he employed this fine line with rich colour washes in consummate fashion.

HIS first designs for my Eastern play *The Three Students* fired Lovat with the colour of the East, and the coming of the Russian Ballet increased his enthusiasm. He saw at once that Craig alone had revealed the only way to the new world by the colour-lighting which rid the theatre of the crude realism that slew the soul of the impression desired. He had long been making designs for *The Beggars' Opera* and other earlier plays; and the production of *The Beggars' Opera* began in his studio years before he met a sympathetic manager. Nigel Playfair brought him into his kingdom, and Karsavina extended the realm of which Gordon Craig had handed him the sceptre.

LOVAT was pouring out superb work for the theatre, when, a-holiday-making from his restless and prolific workmanship, death, out of the wilful decision of Fate, stepped across the gracious young fellow's wayfaring and cut the thread of his blithe career. How far Lovat would have gone we shall never know; he was but at the beginning of the utterance of his genius. We only know that in him was lost an exquisite influence in our great national achievement. He sleeps in the adored Hertfordshire which colours nearly all his landscapes, in the God's-acre of that Buntingford that he loved so well; sleeps alone, under the summer moons, one who lavished on his fellows so warm and generous an affection, and with his constant and steadfast chivalry won all hearts.

NOTE.—The illustrations accompanying this article, hitherto unpublished, were designed by C. Lovat Fraser for Mr. Macfall's "The Splendid Wayfaring."—Ed.

BRUSH DRAWING BY LUDOVIC RODO

The Artful Advertiser
by W. Teignmouth Shore

THE average artist shuts his eyes and shudders—or swears—when anyone suggests that he should, as he puts it—"Prostitute his art and turn out work for the artful advertiser." Which is tommyrotics. In advertising there is lots of room, heaps of it, for the artist, and there's no manner of reason that he should not come in and fill it. What's more, he will do so, and the sooner the better for advertising and for art. Why should art stand aside from life, and from work? If an artist can condescend to design an office building or a bank and even to decorate it with usually poor frescos, carvings, and so forth, why may he not also step down from his perch and help to design the advertisements which are to sell the goods or the service offered by those who own those offices? Advertising is not confined to popularising Blue Pills for Blue People and such like. Let the gentle artist look around at every-day life and even scan the columns of a daily paper. Is there no opportunity for his doing good work in the announcements of the big stores, of musical instruments, motor cars—private and commercial—restaurants, seaside places, continental travel, perfumes, soaps, furniture, silver-ware and a host of other things? There *is*. Already many such announcements show a reaching out after art, combined with advertising. Many of the booklets issued by well-known firms are admirable specimens of worthy print-

WOODCUT BY C. A. WILKINSON

ing and excellent illustration. Typography is on the up-hill in the advertising world; time it was!

Is there no opening on the hoardings for the artist? Look at them!

The trouble is that the average artist is an ignoramus as regards business. Ask him to do you a design to draw attention to, say, a new scent. You have to hunt in his picture for the scent! It's there somewhere, no doubt, but it has to be looked for!

Nor is advertising art-work prosaic. No! There's room for lots of imagination. That's where so much advertising fails, in letterpress, illustration and adornment. No imagination. All Shepherd's Pie—bits recooked with a flavouring of sauce to disguise the old, old taste. Many advertisers are making a big push to lift themselves out of the slough of commonplace and vulgarity. Why should the artist say: "Go and be damned! I won't help you!" Think!

ARTIST AND MODEL WOODCUT BY ROBERT GIBBINGS

INSPIRATION & THE PATTERN

by Robert Graves

PEOPLE are always enquiring how, exactly, poets get their "inspiration," perhaps in the hope that it may happen to themselves one day, and that, if they know the signs in advance, something profitable may come of it.

It is a difficult conundrum, but I should answer somehow like this:—The poet is consciously or unconsciously always either taking in or giving out; he hears, observes, weighs, guesses, condenses, idealises, and the new ideas troop quietly into his mind until suddenly every now and again two of them violently quarrel and drag into the fight a group of other ideas that have been loitering about at the back of his mind for years; there is great excitement, noise and bloodshed, with finally a reconciliation and drinks all round. The poet writes a tactful police report on the affair and there is the poem.

Or, to put it in a more sober form:—

When conflicting issues disturb his mind, which in its conscious state is unable to reconcile them for loss of some hidden connecting link, the poet acquires the habit of self-hypnotism, as practised by the witch doctors, his ancestors in poetry.

He learns, in self-protection, to take pen and paper and let the pen solve the hitherto insoluble problem which has caused the disturbance.

I speak of this process of composition as self-hypnotism because, on being interrupted, the poet experiences the same disagreeable sensations as a sleep-walker disturbed, and later finds it impossible to remember how the early drafts of a poem ran, though he can recall every word of a version which finally satisfied his conscious scrutiny. Confronted with the very first draft of the series he cannot, in many cases, decipher his own writing, far less recollect the process of thought which made him erase this word and substitute that. Many poets of my acquaintance have corroborated what I have just said, and also observed that on laying down their pens after the first excitement of composition they feel the same sort of surprise that a man finds on waking from a "fugue," they discover that they have done a piece of work of which they never suspected they were capable; but at the same moment they discover a number of trifling surface defects which were invisible before.

THE PATTERN UNDERNEATH

THE power of surprise, which marks all true poetry, seems to result from a foreknowledge of certain unwitting processes of the reader's mind, for which the poet more or less deliberately provides. The underlying associations of each word in a poem form close combinations of emotion unexpressed by the bare verbal logic.

In this way, the poet may be compared with a father piecing together a picture-block puzzle for his children. He surprises them at last by turning over the completed picture, and showing them that by the act of assembling the scattered parts of "Red Riding Hood with the Basket of Food" he has all the while been building up unnoticed underneath another scene of the tragedy—"The Wolf eating the Grandmother."

WOODCUT BY LUDOVIC RODO

FOX TROT:

When Solomon met the Queen of Sheba.

THE Navy at Ezion-Geba,
Gazed across the water amazed,
When Solomon met the Queen
of Sheba
The lions in the desert were
dazed
With wonder at her striped pavilion
That blazed like a bright parhelion,
They roared their admiration
At this strange coruscation
Till the satyrs took their tawny children
trampling through the sand,
To march with the procession, to march with
the band.
The flaming phœnix flew with its feathers to fan
The queen at the head of her caravan;
But the phœnix though famously fabulous
Was jealous, envious, and emulous,
For the Queen of Sheba had a retinue
Strictly in keeping with her revenue—
Six thousand camels and camelopards,
Ten thousand and ninety nigger bodyguards,
The camelopards, proud-necked and tall,
Would scarcely notice the Queen at all,
But holding their heads as high as cedars
Looked down upon a hundred dwarf, har-
nessed zebras,
Whose stripes were arranged with such success
That the Queen could play a game of Chess
When travelling. The camels kneel,
Offer their humps for the Queen to feel,
Nodding arched necks and plumes of ostrich
feather
Dyed like her bright Abyssinian weather.
The ten thousand niggers beat on gourds and
golden gongs,
Slashing the air with their piebald songs.

✧ ✧ ✧

(Thus) the Queen met the King in Jerusalem,
And he seemed wiser than Methusalem;
With a great black beard and a nose like a scythe
He lived in the palace and subsisted on a tithe.
He gave the Queen of Sheba a welcome
Proportionate to her income,
But this amazing Amazon
Was loveable, generous and free,
She brought a gift to Solomon of cinnamon,
With an almug and a nutmeg tree.
These he placed before his palace
For the pleased admiration of the populace.
Each sweet-smelling branch bore a budding
bell of gold
(Oh! the blood of the Israelites ran cold)
When evening-wind blurred the hills with blue

The swinging and the singing of the bells sang
true.
These, by some magic stratagem,
Played the Sheban National Anthem,
And the thrill of each bell was like an Abys-
sinian bird,
Or the golden voice of the Queen. For each
word
She spoke, trembled, sparkled in the air,
Then spread its wings, and flew from her.
But the Queen of Sheba went with Solomon
To his country-house at Lebanon,
Where she brought him gifts of hot-house
grapes
Of ivory, of ebony, of elephants and apes,
Of peacocks, of pearls, and a hundred pigmy
slaves,
Born orange-coloured with hair that waves;
And each of them wore a turban
Picked out with the plumes of a pelican.
But of all her gifts, by far the rarest,
Brought from the terrible central forest,
With a vein of gold in its ivory horn,
Was a lovelorn, milk-white unicorn.
But the King, though sweet as honey,
Had an eye for the value of money,
So he only gave her a heraldic lion,
Embossed with the arms (and nose) of Zion.
Though the Queen of Sheba loved Solomon
She was not happy at Lebanon.
It was not the women of the Edomites,
The Zidonians, the Moabites, the Hittites or
the Ammonites;
She even listened to his proverbs. She put up
with very many wrongs,
But, in secretly reading his note-book, she
found Solomon's Song of Songs.
She knew it at once—it was poetry. And she
left the palace that day.
But Solomon knew not where she went to, or
why she had roamed away.
But every evening in Jerusalem
The almug and the nutmeg trees
Flaunt the Sheban National Anthem
Like a banner on the spice-laden breeze
(And oh! each golden bell seems a turtle-dove
that cooed
Within the moonlit shadow of the Abyssinian
wood.)

✧ ✧ ✧

But we wonder what she looked like, this
fascinating phantasmagoria—
Atalanta, Gioconda, Semiramis—or the late
Queen Victoria?

OSBERT SITWELL.

WOODCUT BY LUDOVIC RODO

Vvotive

MOON, swung there immeasurably far,
Yet only in the pear-tree top, how then
Shall we body in thought the beauty that you are—
Your wizardry upon the souls of men?

Hush? Let us say it is the tender light
That falls in silver circumstance and red
Dimly upon the regions of the night,
And saying this how little then is said.

Why should this mute enchantment thus possess
Our hearts in adoration—how should come
This worship of a ghost of quietness,
Of spectral tides that move not and are dumb?

Why do we worship? We are but strays of will,
While the sun takes us. Folded now and far
From the day's light, we are minds possessed and still,
Vision and peace. We worship what we are.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

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The Friend

ECAUSE my deeper heart commands,
To-night I leave this house of men
To find a brook to cleanse my hands
And not to tread these streets again.

My old unhappy hope no more
Shall search a passing stranger's eyes
To find the light it fainted for
And never see that light arise.

And now at last my lips shall end
The long pretence of smile and speech,
And I will take that man for friend
Whose love I need not to beseech.

We two will labour all day long,
And sleep by night and rest at noon,
He will not mind my broken song
When we tread homeward in the moon.

He will be pure in heart, and I
Be strong in him, and in his trust
I shall not be a living lie:
He will be just and I be just.

And though thereafter if the dream
Hushed either heart within the breast,
Nor he nor I that hour would seem
To grudge the other's greater rest.

EDWARD DAVISON.

The Return of Pan

SOMETIMES think that God should seize
A rag, and wipe man off the earth;
For we are carriers of disease,
Corrupt and tainted from our birth.

The fairies then would trip to town,
And spread green grass whereon to dance;
And soon the Traveller's Joy would crown
The tumbled roofs of Petty France.

Then every running stream would be
Like Noran pure, like Pharpar sweet.
The grebe would nest at Battersea,
And trout would gambol in the Fleet.

The Mansion House would then be gay
With toad-flax in the crumbling walls;
The lissom lusty fox would play
Among the bracken round St. Paul's.

ALEXANDER GRAY.

"O vos omnes, qui transitis per viam, attendite
et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus."

CHORALE PRELUDE ON
"VEXILLA REGIS"

by Robert F. Meade.

Vex-il--la Re-- gis . pro--de-unt---

Ful-get cru-cis- mys-te -- ri --- um---

Swell Reeds. mf

Reeds off.

p

Qua vi - ta mor - tem per- - tu - lit - - -

Swell Reeds. f

Reeds off.

p

pp

ex mor - - - te vi - tam pro - tu - lit - - - -

rallent

Swell Reeds mf

p Reeds off.

a tempo

rallent.

pp

8ft.

Poco piu mosso.

o crux - a - - ve - - spes u - - - - ni - ca.

Ch. Flute Harm. 8ft.

Sw.

8. 16.

Hoc pas-si - o - - nis tem - po - re - -

Pi - is a-dau-ge gra - - - ti - am - - - Re - - is - -

- - que de - le cri - mi - na - - - - - - - - - - -

rallent.

Molto Largamente allargando

Sw. pp ppp

16.32

WALTER DE LA MARE CARICATURE BY POWYS EVANS

Reviews

TWO POETS.

"Down Here the Hawthorn." Thomas Moult. 64 pp. 5s. net. Heinemann.
"Hill Tops." Henry Bryan Binns. 112 pp. 7s. 6d. net. Jonathan Cape.

"DOWN Here the Hawthorn" is the testament of a countryman, a countryman who is not troubled with the town-fever that poisons the blood of most country-born lads, and urges them in their native villages to break away to adventure in the smoke and noise of cities. This countryman finds his adventure at home, and his love is for the hills and the world of his birth. One feels that this is the setting of satisfying art; for an examination of great achievements points to the fact that the emotions of the masters have been coloured and made individual from some atmosphere of their earlier days. Shakespeare's plays are rich with the beauty of Stratford, and Dante in his Easter journey meets the old familiar faces.

Mr. Moult has no obvious nature-worship in his character. His relationship with Earth is one that to discuss gives the reviewer a sense of intrusion, of impertinence. Here, surely, is a delicate love, deep-seated in him through his ancestors, that shrinks from the pointing finger of the critic. If he has spoken of these things, it is because he is a Seth Bede gifted, or cursed, with the power of self-expression. One compares him with Seth Bede because he possesses the same quietude, the same stay-at-home peacefulness that covers a heart beating high with hope and faith. There is another point of similarity; Mr. Moult has a deeper force in him. His love for a woman burns in the furnace of his nature and intensifies the other part of him which, it may be, would otherwise have become too diffuse to be expressible.

There is an un-modern quality of mind in his treatment of man's love for woman which is akin to the rapture and the soaring half-mystical joy of Dante in the *Vita Nuova*. His emotion becomes ecstatic, and in this condition of detachment is transformed into a philosophy which upholds him through days of exile from the home places dear to his heart.

"To you, the one unshadowy thing,
O single treasure in this life of mine,
That still is treasure real as when substantial day
Shrank not with night come nigh
But at the swift reality of you.
O my dark flower that never fades,
O fragrance shining through
A world of scentless shades."

Mr. Moult's work is most generally moulded by one or other of these two major influences, but in "Dream and Dark Fires Are Over" the two have been welded, and the result is a poem of a more concrete beauty and a fuller rhythmic force. The use of what is equivalent to the musical *calendo* in the ending of a poem, though often beautiful —as in "For Bessie, Seated By Me"—may tend to become a mannerism. In this poem, however, it is successful, for the passage of the characteristic idea from movement into stillness shows the author at his most individual moment.

. . . . . Love only of all things outstays
The drift of petals, the drift of days,
Petals of hours,
Of white-leafed flowers,
Petalled wings of the butterfly,
Drifting, quietly drifting by
As a breath, a sigh. . . . . .

The poetic work of Mr. Binns is of a nature that baffles the critic, for it has no outstanding qualities that immediately strike the ear and eye; and, again, it cannot be included with mild praise or damnation in the ever-flowing stream of contemporary verse. This may supply the reason why several volumes of poems which are the unique expression of an unique mind have been almost totally neglected.

One may first approach this poet's work with a sense of disappointment. Thomas Hardy has possibly given the same scant satisfaction at the first introduction. There is a lack of familiar ideas and technique. Rigour and bold rhythm are not here to encourage us, and we are troubled by being led into an unfamiliar world which possesses only one thing known to us, an atmosphere of winter night, gleaming stars, and a land silvered with frost. But to pursue one's reading will bring enjoyment, for the consistent outlook and matured character of the poet will gradually persuade the reader, as all logically built work must, into a charmed state.

We speak of this work as logical, for it is the output of a self-conscious mind, and is not merely the expression of irrelevant moods and impressions which is the usual achievement of the bewildered minor voice.

There is no *bravura*, no coloured word or line, in Mr. Binns' method. He is really a sculptor in words, cutting out the shapes of his ideas with a nerve-throbbing hand, agitated with the excitement of his mental passion. The form of his verse haunts one where at first it was disliked; old-time airs, those forms of the toccata, the sarabande, the gigue, live again. People who know the poems of Edward Thomas will trace notes and chords common to both artists, and

possibly a turn in the structure of Mr. Binns' work will recall Crashawe. One poem may be selected as typical, "The New Moon," a stanza from which may be cited as expressive of the clarity of the poet's idea and of his unadorned expression.

Like a petal falling,
Like a bright shaving of silver,
He sees the moon go drifting down the sky.
He hears in the yew-boughs, yonder on the slope,
An owl hooting. The moon is drifting. Hark!
Over the hills, like the current Earth makes whirling,
Wheeling her way through Time, blows the west wind
Brightening again the sky. He sees the moon
Not drifting at all, but with keen prow cutting
The waves of the west wind,
Sailing into the west.

Unconsciously the poet discloses his method of work, and shows the plans of his own country.

In and out of the arabesque
Of words on the white sheet,
A meaning flits and glimmers its
Mischievous elfin feet.

As in and out of the daily task
And traffic men contrive,
Go uninvited presences
To keep their souls alive.

The country of imagination
Shines at the open door,
And we its airy landscape see
As we have eyes therefor.

RICHARD CHURCH.

STYLE REED PEN DRAWING BY C. LOVAT FRASER

"THE FOCUS OF LIFE."

A First Note in Review.

ENDEAVOURING to examine and analyse the aims of an artist from his art, and the underlying thoughts or feelings which prompt his expression is always an exceedingly fruitful experience; and in approaching such a work as this book,* one is immediately confronted with not a partial expression in one medium, but an exceedingly full statement in two; in fact, the difficulty of any appraisement is enormously increased by this very fullness and completeness, offered with the constrained passion and vehement ruthlessness of revelation. The examination entails the recognition of the eternal and unbegotten source of promptings, ideas, inspirations—which reaches infinity, but must properly content itself with the contemplation of the expressed symbol—carefully remembering that the symbol is but the symbol, the aura of some stirring in the unconscious, some thought-form finding its appropriate aura, to be modified and moulded by the medium, the material, the very tool of its expression, be that medium, material or tool what it may, words or pictures, the letters of the alphabet or brushes or pens.

In such a case, a purely ideological criticism is futile, for it applies only to the intellectual sphere and not the emotional sphere of Religious or, possibly more properly, art intensity which is the driving force behind this book of symbol-words and symbol-pictures. It is for this reason that any attempt at explanation or paraphrase of what appears to be the core of intellectual ideas suggested by the thought-forms expressed in symbol-words must prove sadly inadequate. When we stumble amongst the aphorisms, read the dreams and ponder on the extraordinary range of ideas expressed in this book generally, we at first get the impression that all things contradictory are preached—from the Simple Life to the complexities of Vegetarianism, from Asceticism to the wildest debauchery, from a libido of Wisdom to an unconscious of Freudian nightmare, from old-fashioned Pantheism to a sort of inversion of it: the idea that all the Creation is but the material expression of the Self, the Unbegotten Will. Man is God—is the Creator, the Primal Self in being, and the human, all too human and transitory insistance on the "I" should give place to the "simultaneous consciousness of the separate entities": that is, of The ancestral life forms, of The predetermined consciousness of the senses and bodies; of the past and future parenthood of The *Self*.

"The will, the desire, the belief, lived as inseparable, become realization," which being paraphrased may be put: if ye have faith, ye can remove mountains. This doctrine of creative belief, or that which is believed, *is*:—Spare appears to apply to Primal Desire, breaking with all traditional moral values, setting Primal Desire up as the New Value, by which to test all things, and to create by belief the Cosmos which shall conform to this value. Therefore, Primal Desire shall be satisfied only that it may produce further desire, through creative belief. A paradox and without finality. But Truth is a paradox, and "what is Truth"? Reality or Appearance or Knowledge? Identical with each, or a Trinity, three in one and one in three?

Words, words, words—and whilst ideas may be expressed in words, words also exercise a control and suggestion over ideas—are things in themselves. Let us turn to the drawings in this book which are an extension of the words, or *vice-versa*, and of which there can be no doubt about the beauty and fluency. Look at the drawing, "Nature is more Atrocious." Here the visible symbols drive us back to various thought associations, traditional and inherited from the myths and inventions of our great ancestral artists. The swan: the budding growth behind the standing unwinged female figure; the seated winged figure containing some feeling of the grotesque in the having of wings—(these are not the angel's wings of Fra Angelico or the ages of Christian Faith, but as natural a grotesquerie as the abortive origin of a monster, a Griffin, a Centaur, a Satyr)—possibly

the wings of Pegasus, for note the idea conveyed inevitably and finally by the head, and the new and surprising knowledge of sensation in the sitter. Or turn to "The Soul *is* the Ancestral Animal's," and see in the exquisite drawing the feeling for type—archaic ancestral type, primal human forms, animal origins, ends and needs expressed in this simple drawing of the nude, by means too elusive for analysis, perhaps the slightest hint of emphasis being caught in the hanging udder-like breast. There is no straining of academic drawing or trace of modern eccentricity of form expression. And the shadowy inscription, "And men are more than God," may be read with many meanings—Religious or Satiric.

There is much one could say in a critical dealing with these twelve remarkable drawings (we have but glanced at two) apart altogether from the inspiration and insight of the artist. Technically one could demonstrate from them most academic and traditional forms of rules or precedents of arrangement and composition, structure and the rendering of form in two dimensions (the third and *fourth* creep into their *conception*) appropriateness of medium and material; but to what end but the vaguely possible enlightenment, should it catch the eye of the rawest of raw students of the craft in our democratically-owned and controlled Art Schools. But it is not only useless, it is too much the temptation of the modern artist to be obsessed with his material, with his handling of it, with his conscious technique, instead of with the due expression of his inspiration. At the least it may be said of the drawings in this book, that we have the work of an artist who achieves a really adequate expression, without the modern need of eccentricity as a cloak for incompetence of craftsmanship, or undue violence to any of the essential canons of the traditional Art of a Western European. These drawings are in the tradition of the great artists—not of the modern parochially Cosmopolitan cliques. They do not represent Art for Art sake; Pedestrian Art for utility's use; Frivolous Art for uselessness; or Imbecile Art "*pour faire le monde idiot.*" They are really Art for the Soul's sake; or, as Spare might put it, Art for the Self's sake.

The reproduction of Mr. Spare's drawings by a collotype process gives a very beautiful and adequate rendering of the originals; and the letterpress of the book is a specimen of fine printing.

HAYDN R. MACKEY.

* "The Focus of Life."—By Austin Osman Spare.

WOODCUT BY GEORGE PERRIMAN

THE LUCK OF THE BEAN-ROWS.

ADMIRERS of the work of the late Lovat Fraser will be glad to hear of a little volume illustrated in colour from his designs. The first edition was sold out in a week, the second is on the market, and we learn that a third is now at press. "The Luck of the Bean-Rows" is (Daniel O'Conner, 6/- net) a translation in verse from the French of Charles Nodier. Distinctive craftsmanship is shown in the printing of this dainty book (by the Curwen Press), and it is altogether worthy of its dedication, by permission, to H.R.H. Princess Mary.

SCULPTURE OF TO-DAY.

THE second volume of Mr. Kineton Parkes's "Sculpture of To-day" (Chapman & Hall, 30/- net) shows a distinct improvement upon the author's first volume, reviewed in these columns last month. Here Continental sculpture is dealt with, and, in his rapid survey of this wide field, Mr. Parkes shows that every nation (with the possible exceptions of Greece and Finland) is making serious contribution to the art of to-day in this department, Jugoslavia and Czechoslavakia among them. Mr. Parkes finds less dignity but more fire is this continental work, and he writes with more assurance and more individuality upon the subject. Here too he gives to germinal artists like Clara, Rodin, Bourdelle, Meunier, Rosso and Mestrovic, the reasoned criticism that we missed from his adjudication upon Stevens and Saint Gaudens, and when he lets himself go he can express, in illuminating aphorisms, canons of criticism that carry conviction. We should like to quote from his remarks upon influence and imitation (p. 217) and on Cubism (p. 261), but space forbids. Altogether, the volume is one that should form a useful reference book for connoisseurs and dealers.

Tasteful in *format* and excellently printed, "Holy Women and Other Poems and Woodcuts," by Hester Salisbury (5/-), comes from the Favil Press. The woodcuts display a sense for design and a certain ingenuity in technique, although most of them come short in the matter of drawing and of articulateness. But Miss Salisbury's *vers libre* is distinctive: passionate—erotically so—in the expression of the consuming fire of love; vivid in its portrayal of aspects of nature. We snatch this from "Winter:"

> The landscape is a famine.
> Stiff branches ache—
> The chattering reeds despair—
> The blind lakes have lost heart under the ice—
> And man is dead:
> His love is frozen stiff and breathes no more.

The significance of the Russian ballet and its achievement are admirably set forth, *de luxe*, in "The Russian Ballet in Western Europe, 1909-1920," by W. A. Propert, with a chapter on the music by Eugène Goossens, and 63 illustrations from original drawings (Lane. Limited edition of 500, at £6 6/-.) The story of Diaghilev's new conception, and the personalities of the different artists, composers and *maitres de ballet*, who have contributed to its development, are sketched in with an easy touch; and the coloured plates afford a desirable memento of the costumes and settings that have helped to give a new orientation to the possibilities of ballet. We do not elect to discriminate between the artists here illustrated; but, as a document, this selection is illuminative as regards the qualities of colour and form introduced by men like Bakst, Derain, Picasso, Matisse and Sert. C.L.

THE GALLERIES

PERSISTENTLY dull and foggy weather, obtaining throughout November and carried on in to December, gave us a protracted spell of low visibility that militated against the proper appreciation and enjoyment of several important exhibitions. To name them in the order of their opening, we have had the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, the Royal Society of Water Colour Painters, the National Portrait Society, at the Grafton Galleries, the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, at Burlington House, the Grosvenor Gallery Winter Exhibition, and the Goupil Gallery Salon.

Supplemented by individual exhibits in the other exhibitions mentioned, those of the National Portrait Society and Royal Society of Portrait Painters afforded a fair conspectus of the present position of portrait painting in this country. Mr. Augustus John, as president of the National Portrait Society, showed a panel of his clever portrait sketches, "done while you wait," but it was at the Goupil Salon that

I found in his "John Wheatley, Esq.," one of the most satisfying examples of his craftsmanship—firm in its drawing, unhesitating in its brushwork, truthful in colour, and pleasing as a portrait design. At the Grafton, too, we had a review of several of Sir William Orpen's Peace Conference sketch portraits. These only served to confirm my previous impression that this artist's distinction lies in his ability to seize upon the personal characteristics of his sitters, and represent them with a particularity so exact that his canvases almost cross the border line of caricature. In point of colour, on the other hand, they uniformly fall short, and the flesh tints have a leathery quality that tends to get on one's nerves.

After John and Orpen, Mr. M'Evoy seems to claim the next place among these portrait painters that have arrived at a style of their own. Many of his portraits have the pictorial quality that one misses in most of the portrait work of the day. Not only, that is to say, do they reflect the charms or personality of the sitter: they gratify the eye in design and in colour scheme, and are calculated to give pleasure to the æsthetic sense of people who know nothing of technical subtleties and have no interest in the person represented. His "Madame Grovelitz" at the Grafton is a case in point.

This pictorial quality I found also at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, in Mr. G. Harcourt's family group, "The Birthday," Sir John Lavery's "Mrs. Dudley Ward," Mr. Akerbladh's "An Artist," Mr. Keith Edmunds's "Lasca," Miss Phyllis Abbott's "Blanche," and Mr. Blake Wirgman's "Miss Yates." Mr. Harrington Mann does not usually "get" me; but I give tribute, with both hands, to his "Miss Renée Mecredy" at the Grafton; I have never seen anything of his to equal it.

Before leaving the question of portraiture, I must refer to two portraits of W. H. Davies. That by Mr. Harold Knight, at the Grafton, represents the poet "in Cornwall," and is characterised by the quiet and searching draughtsmanship that one associates with Mr. Knight's work. The other, by Mr. William Nicholson, is at the Goupil Gallery. Harmonious in colour and low in tone, it gives one more good "likeness" of my friend. But the definitive portrait of W. H. Davies has yet to be painted.

There remain landscape, figure and still life, and, within the limits assigned to me, I cannot do more than refer briefly to these elements in several of the exhibitions under review. The Royal Society of Oil Painters was, on the whole, a disappointing show, but I should like to mention Mr. Montague Smyth's "Pond on the Heath," Mr. Gemmell-Hutchison's "Volendam Fisher Girl," a pleasing break into luminous colour for this artist, Mr. John R. Reid's "Good Samaritan" (also a departure of real promise), Mr. F. Elwell's "Interior of a Stable," Mr. Edward Down's "Low Tide," and Mr. Armiger Bowring's "Doris."

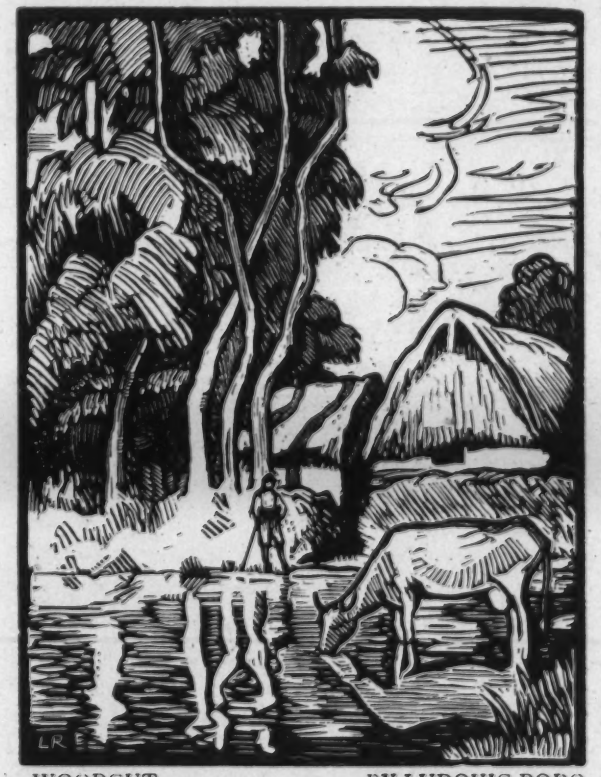
At the Royal Society of Water Colour Painters, what struck me most was that the newer school of water colour painting is surely driving a wedge into this most conservative of societies, and dominating the picture line. Mr. Brangwyn has recently been elected a member, and his big, free sketches helped to strike a vigorous note in the collection. Mr. W. Russell Flint, capable as ever in his craftsmanship, has evidently become intrigued with landscapes of the type so favoured in the work of D. Y. Cameron, at the R. W. S., as well as the Grosvenor he exhibited several effective transcripts from snow-bound nature in the Scottish Highlands. A landscape by Mr. Shepperson was another novelty, to me, worthy of remark.

With a catholicity of taste that knows no limitation of school, Messrs. Colnaghi, at the Grosvenor Gallery, and Messrs. Marchant, at the Goupil, have brought together varied selections of work by most of the artists of achievement, and by some of those of promise, at present before the public. Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. William Nicholson, and Mr. Ronald Gray, are well seen at both galleries, Mr. Nicholson's "Zinnias" (at the Goupil), being one of the most convincing of his many still life studies. At the Goupil, too, we have a panel of canvases by Mr. Walter Sickert, including "Baccarat, No. 1," which is, in pattern, in strong colour, and in luminosity, a very successful adventure. Mr. Gerald Brockhurst shows at the Grosvenor examples of those well-drawn and unnaturally coloured figure subjects in which he manifestly tries to recall the manner of Leonardo. Mr. James M'Bey, having achieved distinction as an etcher, is breaking into oil painting, and shows at the Grosvenor portraits of the art critic of the *Morning Post* and of the Keeper of the Print Room at the South Kensington Museum. This desertion of the medium that was his first mistress may prove as disastrous for him as it did for William Strang.

Speaking of Strang, I am reminded of the memorial exhibition of this deceased artist's work, recently opened at the Fine Art Society's Galleries. This is representative of the whole range of his life work. It clinches the claim for him that he was master of the technique of etching, and confirms the opinion that he made a great mistake when he conceived the idea that he was a colourist. In his etched work it is apparent that he had many masters, from Durer to Martin Hardie, and never attained a style of his own.

A little show that falls into a different category from any of those I have mentioned is the exhibition of the Old Cambian Club, at the South London Art Gallery. There the work of artists associated at one time or another with the Camberwell School of Art is well displayed. Several of the etchings of Mr. G. H. Whydale, a Bayesesque "Station of the Cross," by Mr. James H. Hogan, a still life by Miss Ella Cockell, several canvases by Mr. Guy Miller, and portraits by A. S. Hartrick and R. F. More seemed to me to be among the distinctive exhibits, not to speak of some very pleasing art pottery by Mrs. A. R. Laird.

HAROLD NAPIER



WOODCUT BY LUDOVIC RODO

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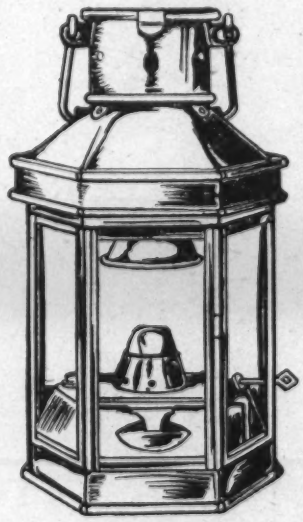

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